

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor

"STUNTS" TO COVER BONES.
By Andrs Dupont.

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"I AM just about discouraged," said the Average Girl as she looked in the mirror and saw the unbecoming hollows in her neck. "I can't wear one of those fascinating open front waists that are so chic on other people without looking like a bag of bones."



"Bones are not beauty," said her friend, the Woman of Thirty, rather absently as she tried the effect of a copper-colored bow and then discarded it for a black satin one. "For my part, I never could see any charm in a skeleton."

"Well, what is a girl to do if she happens to be born what grandma always called 'one of Pharaoh's lean kins'?"

"Reams of advice about reducing the flesh are printed, but nobody ever gives away the secret of how to put it on where it is needed."

"That's because you never have asked the right person," said the Woman of Thirty. "My own troubles lie in the opposite direction. But for all that I can tell you what to do. My younger sister was just like you before she practiced a few simple rules of diet and massage and light exercise."

"Where did she learn them?"

"In Paris when she was there studying art. They were given her by a famous French doctor, and they improved her appearance mightily. You know that while the Parisians admire slenderness they prefer to have the bones properly covered."

"Is this plumping process expensive?"

"Not at all. It is most sensible and hygienic. My sister had one of those jelly hollows at the base of the throat so often seen on thin women. And she had also what the English call 'salt cellars' on top of the collar bone. Her face was too thin. And, altogether, she needed to gain about ten or fifteen pounds. Now the first thing this doctor did was to forbid my sister to eat much candy."

"Then I'll bet he ordered her to drink quarts of milk. Doctors always do, and I hate milk."

"You have a better thing coming, as they used to say two or three years ago. That's a sound course of treatment—a diet of milk. It is usually the man or woman who tips the scales at somewhere near two hundred pounds who does on drinking milk. The things that put the flesh over my sister's bones were junket and baked potatoes."

"Now of course junket is a kind of milk jelly made from the raw fluid by heating it barely lukewarm and putting in a rennet tablet or a small quantity of liquid rennet and any desired flavoring, such as vanilla, sherry, chocolate or coffee. It is partially digested by the rennet, so that it never distresses the most delicate stomach."

"This doctor's cure for protruding bones was a big saucer of junket at each meal and at lunch and dinner a large baked potato. As junket requires no cooking and can be made in five minutes and is ready for the table just as soon as it has solidified (which usually takes less than half an hour), you can see that these additions to an ordinary diet did not entail much extra work."

"In a little more than a month my sister's neck was plump and pretty, and the hollows had entirely disappeared. For she helped out that diet by the following exercises, also prescribed by the doctor, which developed her thin throat wonderfully."

"First, she clasped her hands at the back of her head and threw the head back, resisting all the time with the hands. Then she reversed the exercise by putting the palms of both hands beneath the chin, raising it rather high, and, resisting the motion with the hands, tried to bring the chin down on the chest."

"Last of all, she put first the right hand to the right temple and the left hand to the left and tried to bring the head down forward on the shoulders. These exercises should be done firmly but not too vigorously at first until one becomes used to the motions. And in connection with them a massage of seven parts olive oil and one part lavender water should be used on the face and neck."

"What's in the box?" said Postmaster Kangaroo.

"Kicks," shouted the Baby Baboon.

"Hush!" said Jimmy Monkey. "They are grasshoppers and we are sending them to Mister Alligator."

"I will have to charge you extra for the kicks," said Postmaster Kangaroo.

"Just then one of the grasshoppers jumped out of a hole, but Jimmy plastered the bigger holes up with parcel post stamps and shoved the box down the chute.

"Goodbye, Hopper-grasses," shouted the Baby Baboon in high glee.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Send me down a few by parcel post," replied Mr. Alligator. "You two fellows will have a great time catching them and sending them to me."

"That's a great idea," shouted Jimmy as he and the Baby Baboon rushed up the river and through the woods to catch some grasshoppers.

After they had caught thirty or so they went to Jimmy's house to get a box to put them in. They started to pack the grasshoppers in the box after they had filled it with holes.

"He said the cold spell didn't imperil the profits from his harvest."

"That's true. He's an Joe magnate."

It Can't Be Done!

(A STORY BY VIC)

By Vic



Betty Vincent Gives Advice on Courtship and Marriage

Love vs. Jealousy.

D ESPISE the

feverish as-

sertions of

the poets and

novelists, jealousy

cannot co-exist

with true love.

The love between

man and woman,

when it is the right

sort, is one of the

most unselfish

emotions on the

face of the earth.

The man wants to

marry the girl, but

he wants this because he believes he

can insure her happiness. If he is hon-

estly convinced that she can be happy

with some one else he is bound to leave

her to this happiness.

And the more a girl loves a man the

more she seeks the best in life for him,

even if that best involves the sacrifice

of herself.

This is not impracticable idealism; it

is an absolutely truthful statement of

the relations obtaining between real

lovers. So let the jealous ones realize

that their love is imperfect.

"J. O." writes: "I am in love with a

very rich girl, but I am just starting in

The Maid From Kinsale.

By Eugene Geary.

Copyright, 1913, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

A QUEENSTOWN the ship put her

screws into motion

An' battered away like a

thunderin' machine;

Before us a long an' complete stretch iv

ocean.

Behind us the mountains iv Kerry—

all green.

An' weepin' an' sobbin' filled up every

minut;

The eventin' died out wid a sorrowful

wall.

Except for wan coffin, who sang like

a lament.

A sweet little maid from town iv

Kinsale.

She danced like an' reels wid the grace

iv a fairy.

Her little feet twisted like hocks an'

like eyes;

An' oh! sure her laugh was so whole-

some an' airy

It banished full many a broadside iv

sighs.

business myself and could not support

her in the manner to which she is ac-

customed. I am sure she cares for me.

Would it be all right to marry her and

live partially on her income?"

That sort of thing isn't much done in

America. I think if the girl loves you

she will be willing to live your way,

even if it's not luxurious.

"F. F." writes: "A gentleman has

been paying me attention for over six

months and he seems a very nice fel-

low. Having known him so long, would

it be proper for me to kiss him?"

A girl is not supposed to kiss a young

man unless she is engaged to him.

"F. F." writes: "Is it all right to send

a post-card to a young man after at-

tending a party at his home just to let

him know that I returned home safely?"

If you know the young man very well

I see no harm in your sending such a

card.

"W. T." writes: "Will you advise me

as to whether a young man can marry

on \$10 a week and live happily?"

He can if he and his wife know how

to manage.

"F. F." writes: "I have been corre-

sponding recently with a girl who is an

old friend of mine. We arranged to

meet on a certain occasion, but when

the time came she wasn't there. Do

you think she treated me fairly?"

That depends on her reason for fail-

ing you. Wait and see what it is.

In Black-and-Whiteville

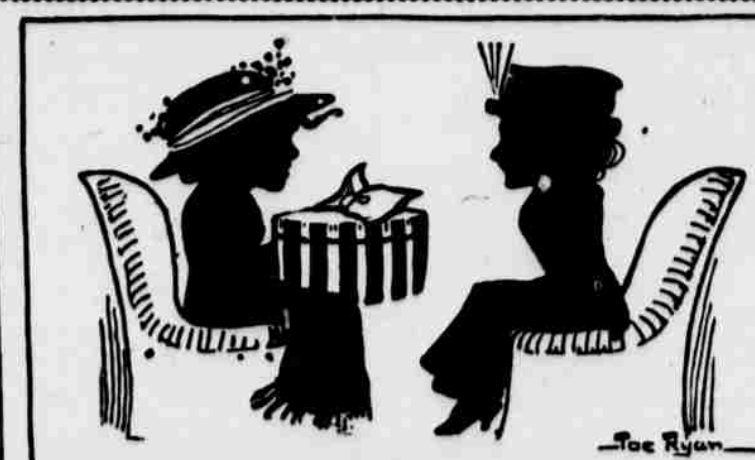
Copyright, 1913,
by The Evening World Publishing Co.
(The New York World.)

By Joe Ryan



"He said the cold spell didn't imperil the profits from his harvest."

"That's true. He's an Joe magnate."



Newlywed—What do you give your husband for a "morning after?"

Longed—Usually plenty of room, my dear.

The Silent Bullet

An Absolutely NEW Type of Detective Story.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Only Kennedy, a detective, who was

sent up by the police to the house of

the man who was shot, found the

body of the man who was shot, and

found the body of the man who was

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office in the large majority of cases of

this kind of crime is a woman."

"No," replied the man without hesi-

tation. "I know that and I have

thought about it. No, I can think of no

one. I have seen American women

of the class of the woman who was

originally by a newspaper writer. For

perhaps it has no organization. But, I

know, to me it is no myth. What

if the real thing is a woman who

chooses to use that

convenient name to extort money? It

is the less real? My daughter is

guilty?"

"Guilty," answered Kennedy. "It is

not a theory that confronts you. It is

a hard, cold fact. I understand that

perfectly. What is the address of this

Albany?"

"I have mentioned a number on Mul-

berry street and Kennedy made a note

of it.

"It is a gambling place," explained

Luigi. "Albany is a gambling place."

Luigi shrugged his shoulders.

"Just then a big limousine was heard

outside.

Luigi picked up a huge hammer that

was placed in a corner of the room and

followed closely by Signor Gennaro, who

had been on the street for some time.

"I have an idea in my mind," said

Craig simply. "I will try to think it

out in detail to-night. Where can I

find you to-morrow?"

"Come to the opera house to the

afternoon, or if you want me again

at Mr. Gennaro's residence. Good night,

and a thousand thanks to you, Mr.

Kennedy, and to you also, Mr. Luigi.

I trust you absolutely become Luigi's

friend."

"We sat in the little dining-room until

we heard the door of the house open

and saw the car drive away. Luigi

shook his head and said:

"The game is up."

"One more question, Luigi," said

Craig as the door opened again.

"Have you ever seen that black car

which was on that block on Mul-

berry street where this Albany is? Do

you happen to know any of the shop-

keepers on it or near it?"

"I have a cousin who has a drug-

store on the corner below Albany's, at

the same side of the street."

"Good! Do you think he would be

willing to use his store for a few minutes

to-night? Of course without any

risk to himself?"

"I think I could arrange it."

"Very well. Then to-morrow, say at

9 in the morning. I will stop here and

we will all go over to see Signor

Luigi, and many thanks for

thinking of me in connection with this

case. I enjoyed Signor Gennaro's

singing often through the night. I

want to render him this service, and

I'm only too glad to be able to be of

service to all honest Italians—that is

if I succeed in carrying out a plan I

have in mind."

A little before nine the following day

Kennedy and I dropped into Luigi's

apartment. He was carrying a suit-
case which he had taken over from his
laboratory to our room the night be-
fore. Luigi was waiting for us, and
without losing a minute we walked
forth.By means of the tortuous streets of
Manhattan we came out at last on Mulberry
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